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OF YOUR CHARITY PRAY FOR
THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF
BROTHER EDWARD

Who entered into Life on Thursday, April 26, 1951
in the seventy-first year of his age
and the twenty-ninth year of his
Religious Profession.

O GOD, the Bestower of pardon, of whom cometh our salvation; we beseech thy mercy for our Brother, departed out of this present life; that aided by the prayers of blessed Mary everVirgin, blessed Michael the archangel, and all the saints, he may attain to the fellowship of eternal felicity among thine elect; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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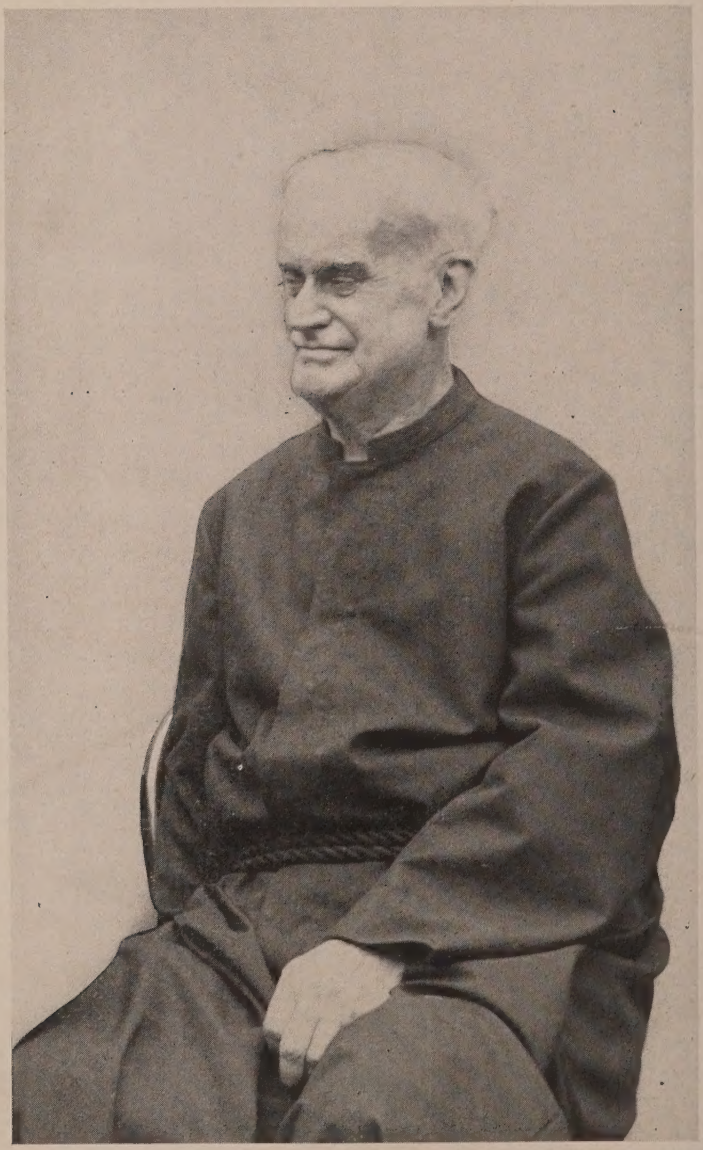

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COWLEY A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF SUBJECTS MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS

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THE BROTHER

By FATHER PALMER, S.S.J.E.

THE first time I saw brother Edward was the moment I entered the old St Francis House on Winthrop Street, Cambridge, to try my vocation. I was ushered into the tiny reception room, and almost at once the genial face of Brother Edward appeared at the door leading to the refectory and kitchen. Arthur O'Donnell, one of the novices, shooed the Brother back to his duties as laundryman and lunch cook. I was soon sharing these duties with him. His methods were direct and simple. He let the tap run over a large quantity of unpeeled potatoes for a few moments, put them in a pot and let them boil until the lunch bell sounded, when he dumped them into vegetable dishes for the table. We ate a fair amount of New England soil. Next he opened three or four cans of salmon and plopped the contents on — to dishes, and the chief course was ready for lunch. In the laundry there was a notice, I do not remember whether Brother Edward was the author, or whether Arthur O'Donnell was trying to reform the Brother by putting it up. It read "DIRT BREEDS RATS". In three simple syllables the mystery of the appearance of life on this planet was solved. Nearby in learned Harvard the biologists were ignorant of it.

Brother was always a character. He was an outstanding personality. In one of the Muskoka Missions long ago, Brother took a place in the choir. After the service one of the wardens said to me, "Who was that extinguished looking clergyman sitting in the choir?" Brother was a fine looking person with a face full of interest. It was partly due to his own great interest in people. It was partly due to his background and past experiences. Life had not been easy. Brother had been through some hard experiences. They had not soured him or made him despondent.

He had been very happily married and had shared with his wife a keen interest in the Church. They had both taught Sunday School. The author of the play, "Green Pastures", had been one of his pupils. It is not hard to see something of Brother Edward's methods in the Sunday School represented in that play. The young couple were eagerly awaiting the birth of their first child. The mother died in giving birth to her little boy Kenneth. Ernie Briggs, as Brother Edward was in those days, went with his baby to live with a sister. Ernie was employed as a postman at the time. Perhaps it was meeting so many people on his rounds that his strong love of ordinary folks was developed. One day coming

in from his route, and eager to see his little Kenneth, he came home to find the child choked to death by a toy. Ernie and his wife had agreed that if either died and there were no children the other would go into a religious house. Brother had long been a close friend of the Brothers of St Barnabas, but their house was very close to his old home and it seemed wiser to go to a distance. That was how Brother came to S.S.J.E. in Cambridge. He was always fond of children and they of him, but his interest was specially in boys of the age his Kenneth would have been had he lived. I watched the age level go up as the years passed. Now and then he liked to talk of his boy and the boys' mother. It must have been very hard for a postman who had been married to settle down to the restrictions of the religious life. That Brother did it, and persevered to the end, is in itself a triumph of grace.

In the Novitiate he was older than many of us. Some were just youngsters with all the selfassurance of their age. They all aimed at the priesthood, and Brother knew that could never be for him. His basic education had not been of the right sort, and he was too old to start in again to study. First he came to think of himself as the "ignorant lay brother", but as time went on, with characteristic cheerfulness, he came to be proud that he was for so long the only professed Lay Brother in the American Congregation. In a comical way he resented anyone else becoming a professed Lay Brother, yet he was also somewhat annoyed with Brothers who went forward to the priesthood, as though they had deserted the lay brothers. One of the lovliest things at the end of his life was the way he made an exception to his rule in the case of Fr Hanlon. It was a great compliment to them both.

Brother's activities were never confined to "the scrub bucket" as he expressed it. He was given, and also found for himself, many opportunities for pastoral and missionary work. He went with me on a number of missions and was a great help. One of our first was to the West Coast of Newfoundland. It was not an easy mission, for the season was getting late, and the priest in the first district to which we went left at once for a trip to England, and we had to make our way as best we could along the harbourless and roadless shore. We landed at Cow Head from the little coastal steamer, not on a steady dock, but into a bobbing dory. The wind and waves were high and the captain was of two minds about trying to land us. There was a mother and baby to go ashore. The baby was put in a mail bag and tossed down, and that overcame the mother's fears of following after down the flimsy rope ladder.

Brother Edward was quite without fear. As I told him many times that trip, he did not know enough to be afraid. When we reached the rocky and slippery shore, kind hands dragged us in. The Mission began at once. There was a little school chapel, and it was crowded with men, women and children. There were no lights except the two altar candles, for the supply of coal oil in the settlement had run out. We sang the hymns by word of mouth. Everyone knew the old favorites by heart. Next morning we were disappointed at the absence of communicants. The priest told us that it was his great problem. Many were confirmed. They promised to come to communion but except for a few aged women no one came. Brother told me afterwards, "You tell them about confession; that's what they need. They are scared to come". I said that I was afraid to do that so early in the mission, lest I scare them all away. But Brother persisted; and he was right. He understood ordinary folk. Next night the chapel was crowded again. Every man, woman and child were there, yet the old ship's bell was rung like mad for about ten minutes. Every inch of floor space was occupied, with children right up to the altar. I told them about the paralysed boy let down from the roof, and our Lord's words of comfort to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee". I said I would stay after the service in case any wanted to have a like assurance. All trudged out. I retired into the teacher's book cupboard with one of the altar lights. Brother ranged about outside to catch the Nicodemuses that might return. The wind blew; the rain drizzled; the waves pounded on the rocks a few yards away. Back they came. Brother held them outside and let them in one by one. Men came first. All they needed was a few questions to start them off. "Don't go till my old woman comes, Father. Don't go till our Sally comes, Father. She had a misfortune". It took several evenings to hear the adults, and then they insisted on their children coming too. The altar rail was filled with happy communicants. Their consciences were at peace.

Brother was the wonder of the people all along the shore as we went from place to place. At that time he was very stout. They were all spare people. It was hard times. Bad fishing seasons had brought dire poverty. The season was late, and most of the boats were pulled up for the winter, and it was hard for us to find transportation, but we managed to get to most of the places. We hated to stay too long anywhere, for food was short, and we felt we were eating the people out of house and home. Then to our consternation the boat by which we expected to return to the rail-head went on

the rocks far to the north and would run no more that season. Here we were stranded. We kept the mission services going and taught the children games and watched for the boat. At last the linemen's little motor boat putputted in. There is a single telegraph wire from tree to tree up the coast, and before winter the company sends men to inspect it. They could only take us from Daniel's Harbour to Portland Creek, but finally we persuaded them to make it Parson's Pond, where our good friend Mr Henry got his boat out and took us on to Cow Head. Going over the sand bar we bumped but kept going. There is nowhere to land between points. A breakdown in that rough weather would have meant being pounded to pieces on the rocks. Just as we got into the lee of Cow Head the propellor fell off.

Again there was the worry of finding someone to take us a bit further. Then the Post Master said he would get his boat in the water again and get us to Sally's Cove. What a trip! Several other people decided to come, including a drunk peddler with a bottle of hootch. The boat and motor were primitive. The pump was home-made. Gasoline in a can with the stopper off was there in case we needed more. The boat was overloaded. The drunk peddler would keep moving around and striking matches over the gasoline to try to light a pipe. Then he would take another swig. I grabbed the bottle and threw it overboard, but he was too drunk to make it. All along Brother Edward was as happy as a lark, singing "Jingle Bells" and "Row Boys Row" to amuse a little girl. We were travelling with only what would go in a knapsack. In those days we wore our habits everywhere. Not a very good arrangement in a small boat, but it did reduce the things to carry. At Sally's Cove we started services for the Mission and found to our dismay there was no communion wine there. There was supposed to be some at each place. So we could not have a celebration. The drunk man terrorized the women in the settlement. Most of the men were off caribou hunting. We finally persuaded some of the men to see that he left the settlement and walked towards Bonne Bay. The women were afraid he would molest a woman who lived part way. "If ever she gets her hands on him she'll murder him. Would that be a sin, Father?" Brother answered for me. "No, it would be a very good thing". The priest from Bonne Bay fetched us, and finally we got a lift on a dirty old freighter, were both very seasick, and arrived at Curling just in time to see the three-times-a-week train pull out of the station. Through it all Brother was a constant help and amusement. We had several other

comical missions. In each case Brother, although he took no part in the services, made a big contribution. People would talk to him when they were afraid that I would think them ignorant, and so Brother would smooth the way for them. In one city Brother rounded up three or four seats full of relatives. All good-looking people like himself, row on row of them, all sizes and sexes.

In San Francisco and in Muskoka Brother's friendliness was a great asset. In Emsdale the population was largely what we call in Canada "black protestant". They were not naturally disposed to like us. Brother went round and made friends. He organized a fowl supper and made the leading protestant drive him round to gather up live chickens in a sack. He also wrote out the tickets in his own hand — FOUL SUPPER. They sold just as well with that reformed spelling. One little mission was resentful at our appearance in the district. They would not cooperate. Sunday after Sunday the Father who went there found no fire lighted, no one present. He walked about fourteen miles. I got mad and closed the church for six months. At the end of that time Brother Edward started round visiting. He warmed his feet under every stove and ate quantities of pie and drank much tea. He started a Sunday School. It consisted of roaring out hymns. The children loved it. In the end this became one of our best missions.

It was a happiness to me last winter, that Brother was able to come and help me with the Children's Mission at St Augustine's. It was like old times. It was characteristic that death should come for him when he was out visiting.

SERMON PREACHED AT ST JOHN'S BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON

By FATHER HANLON, S.S.J.E.

"But I am among you as one that serveth" *S. Luke xxii*:27*B*

ALTHOUGH this is Rogation Sunday and as I had planned to preach a brief sermon on account of the Litany in procession, we could not let this Sunday pass without a few words about our Brother Edward. The Brother had many fine qualities, but serving in little things I believe to be his most outstanding one. This is what a Lay Brother should be. Brother Edward did many little forms of service; most of you know better than I do those things that he did for you. He did them not in

(*Continued on page* 148)

WHERE DEATH MEETS LIFE

A Sermon by FATHER MCDONALD, S.S.J.E.

"Now when He was come nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out." *Saint Luke vii*:11

OUR Lord taught those with whom He came in contact in various ways: by His preaching to the multitudes, by talking with His disciples, by individual instructions, as for example Nicodemus, and those whom He visited in their homes, and He also taught by example. He taught by what He said, by what He did, by what He was.

We know that the parables He has given us are extremely vivid, and that once they are in our minds and memories there they remain — and our Lord meant that it should be so. We think at once of the parable of the Good Shepherd, the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan — and so many others that we love to recall. And there are the acted parables such as the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the cleansing of the ten lepers, and the calling of Lazarus from the tomb where he had been for three or four days.

In these acted parables there was more than what merely appeared on the surface. There was a lesson for those who were present to see and to hear, and what is even more important, there is the lesson for us who were not there. Our Lord worked as a weaver at his loom. Those who were watching saw the side on which, at the moment, there seemed to be a great many loose ends and odd colors, without any particular design. But there is a pattern on the upper side, and to us He gives the vision of seeing what those whose attention was fixed upon what He was doing for them personally at the moment, could not perceive. He would say, "Hear and understand", "See and comprehend", but they only saw the side that did not have the pattern on it. While He was weaving that pattern Our Lord was not yet glorified. Now He is, and we have the blessing of the vision that He shows to us if we will look at the upper side, and see what is revealed in the design which unfolds before our gaze.

The Church gives us today a parable which Our Lord Himself taught by word and by action. Two processions meet at the gate of the little city called Nain. One consists of Our Lord and His intimate friends, His disciples and a following crowd. As they move towards the city gate another procession comes from within the city, a funeral procession, a dead man being carried out to his burial. Both of these processions reach the gate at the same time. We have no information about the life of the young man. The first time we see him is at his death. The death of the body was for

him irrevocable; it was a final thing, and this procession was taking him to the place where he would leave forever those who accompanied him. Our corrupt nature, as Saint Paul calls it, is bound to die, and humanity that will not allow itself to be redeemed is bound to meet death. Death was not in the original plan of God when He called man into being. Death came later, because of man. When man meets death, he meets something that he cannot change or undo. And what a terrible experience death is without God!

Nain was called the "beautiful city" and yet death was there just as it is everywhere else. For those who had never met Our Lord it was irrevocable. It was impossible for anyone to be called back to life again.

In some cases it was, and still is, a matter not only of the body's meeting death, but of the soul also. The death one dies through the following of corrupt nature and without coming into contact with Our Lord is as irrevocable as the death of the body. For in many cases those who follow this corrupt nature willingly and with full deliberation have avoided Our Lord who is bound to cross our path, sooner or later. And that is indeed a death. It is the deliberate choosing of a path that will avoid the way he is coming. Life meets death when it tries again to blindfold the holy Eyes of Jesus that were once closed by those who mocked Him at the time of His Passion. Life meets death when it refuses to meet Him as He comes towards those journeying on the road leading to Him. It may be on the road of some great and terrible city where there is loneliness and sorrow for those who long for someone to comfort them. Or it may be a road on which there is a choice between friends as there was when Jesus and Barrabas stood together at the judgment seat of Pilate. Life meets death and death conquers when the soul makes a wrong choice between friends, when it chooses Barrabas instead of Jesus, and there are many nowadays who are choosing wrongly.

"Galilean, thou hast conquered!", cried Julian the Apostate because the friends of Jesus were conquering in His Holy Name. But now the pagans have little cause or reason to suppose there ever was such a person as the Galilean, because of the failure of His friends to respond to His Voice.

But, secondly, when those two processions met at the gate of the city of Nain, *Death met Life for the first time.* There is the dead man, and there is Jesus. Our Lord stands in the way. He stops the procession. He puts His Hand on the bier and they who carried it stopped and stood still. The power of death was bent upon get-

ting the man to his grave, and the Lord of Life was determined to restore the dead to life. Jesus puts, as it were His finger upon the reason for the man's death. Our Lord puts His finger on the vehicle upon which the man was being carried to his grave, and Our Lord says, "I say unto thee, young man, arise." And immediately he sat up and began to speak . . . "Verily, verily, I say unto you the hour is coming and now is when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and they that hear shall live. . . . All that are in the graves shall hear His voice." (John v:25, 28)

In our nature, death for the first time meets with Our Lord when we are met by Him at the font, at Holy Baptism. In the ancient rite, the Priest touches the lips of the one who is being baptized and says "Ephatha, be thou opened." That enables him to speak in the name of the Lord. At our baptism we are restored to life and are enabled to return to the city of God in the procession of those who have come all the way with Our Lord. We know that our Baptism is our resurrection from the death that would be an eternal one if Jesus had not stopped the procession of death and called us from the dead and given us life.

Death again meets life when we know that Jesus is putting His Hand on the bier on which we are being carried to eternal death and we sit up and begin to speak: "I confess to God Almighty . . . that I have sinned very much in thought, word and deed . . . by my own most grievous fault." And when we do speak in penitance, Our Lord sends us back into the city where we know we are safe because He Himself is with us.

When the man who was sick of the palsy was brought to Our Lord, He spoke of the man's sins which were causing him so much of his illness and helplessness. Those scribes and others who were present said in their hearts, "This man blasphemeth." "Thy sins be forgiven thee", said Our Lord. "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins", He says to the sick man, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house". How foolish are those members of Christ who do not take advantage of this opportunity to meet Christ as He comes to give a new start in our life as His members! He says, "Go in peace" — not out to your death, but to your new life that has been given to you. We forget the funeral procession which was carrying us, and we turn around and accompany Jesus, and the other disciples and friends of His who are on the way to the city of God. *Then again and again death meets life.* We come sick, blind, and some even

spiritually dead, to the Physician of life. We see Him, we come to Him, and He comes to us. He is on His way to us when we come to Him.

This acted parable is meant emphatically for all of us, and we are expected to apply it to ourselves. We see the pattern: we see what they who were mourning over the young man at the gate of Nain did not see. We are on the side of Jesus and greater things than those are given to us to see. The people who saw the miracle supposed that Our Lord was a great and powerful prophet; and so He was. He is the Lord of heaven and earth; He is the Word that God the Father spoke. Jesus has power over all things, and when He speaks creation awakens. When He calls, men sit up and begin to speak, because they speak in His most Holy Name. When He speaks to us, He speaks of peace. When He speaks, He tells us of life — of life everlasting.

In these days of anxiety and terror, we must believe that Our Lord is the Lord and Giver of life, and we are given life in proportion as we draw upon Him to fill us with His own life. "Young man I say unto thee arise" . . . "And they that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth." Let us put from our hearts that dreadful spirit of fear. Let us put from our hearts the shameful fear of death. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift; the Word made Flesh Who dwelt among us, Who turns our paths from death to life everlasting. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ."

A SERMON (*Continued from page* 144)

a glamorous way or with great applaud from others. I think that we took him for granted too much. Some of us have already noticed since his death the many little things he did around the church here.

The Brother had a unique ministry in bringing others to Jesus. Now we commend his soul to God this day, knowing that if He has any service for our Brother to do where he is, he will do it and go forth from strength to strength in the light of perfect service. For our Lord will say to him, "Good and faithful servant thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things", and we pray that he will enter into the joy of His Lord.

LETTERS FROM FR. PLAYNE, S.S.J.E.

We are indebted to Bishop Burton, S.S.J.E., for these letters from the Assistant Superior General of the English Congregation written to him while making an inspection tour of the Society's work in South Africa and India.

The Feast of St Gregory
St Cuthbert's, C.P.

My Dear Father,

I must write you a letter from this delightful spot. How nice for a time to be at a place where there is no road going everywhere, no traffic passes, where there is space and privacy and mountains to look at. Here so to speak one chases the last wisp of a floating cloud before the sun gets high enough to swallow it up into the higher atmosphere.

I left Bombay on Ash Wednesday and reached Durban on March 1st. My boat was a new one built at Glasgow in '48 and very comfortable for 1st Class passengers but not for anyone else. She had more than a thousand deck passengers crowded below and on the fore and aft decks.

East Africa is getting dominated by Indians many of whom must be very well off.

I went on shore at Karachi on Feb. 9th and then there was nearly a week more on the ocean. I had two nights at Mombassa, then we arrived at Zanzibar where there was only time for a brief visit to the Cathedral. On the same afternoon we came to Dar es Salaam where I stayed the night at the *U.M.C.A. Clergy House. The next port of call was Mozambique and then Beira with another night in the harbour and then Laurenco Marques. Here the Bishop of Lebombo, himself up country, had sent his secretary to see me to say that his chaplain was also away.

Having survived three weeks I was dreadfully seasick the last twenty hours and arrived rather like pulp; the boat being six hours late through battling against heavy seas. I was glad Fr Young was there to meet me. He had brought Mr Corner (now 69 and retired but still working to save the Mission expense) down in the Mission car to see an oculist and had left him there until the following Tuesday, so he took me up late afternoon to a boys' Home run by the Maritzburg Sisters where I was taken in hand by the ex-Mother so well that I was ready next morning to be motored the 163 miles to Kokstaadt. This was not my plan as I thought I could not stand

* University Mission to Central Africa.

it but I was very glad that circumstances took all planning out of my hands, as it was a marvellous drive up and down and round about the Natal hills and then through the north Transkei. Everything was vividly green and the mealie crop showing fine. Before midday we stopped to say Sext and None near the place described in *Cry the Beloved Country* as the home of the old priest. We arrived at Kokstaadt by four, having lunch with the rector of the first parish in the diocese over the border, a station started by the first Bishop of St John's. We stayed the night with Archdeacon Pringle whose wife was once a lady worker at St Cuthbert's and was born in the neighbourhood.

On April 3rd the Synod is being held to elect a new bishop for the Diocese. Some of the clergy wanted to nominate Fr Horton-Smith, but he has declined. I stay here until then and go on next to Capetown. I had thought of taking a long journey via Johannesburg but think it would have been too tiring. It would have involved nearly half a week in the train and going up to 600 ft. The good doctor agreed with me, though I am quite happy at 3000 ft. here and indeed find it very exhilarating a 1000 ft. higher where we were at Ncewbu having travelled there by car last week.

We are very fortunate in having Dr Drew, he is a priest doctor who made his name at Holy Cross Mission Pondoland and from whence he retired last year. There is a new hospital block fairly recently opened which would compare favourably with any hospital, with some good equipment, but most of the old buildings are inadequate.

The weaving school goes on and has a large number of pupils. It is not so easy to get a trained staff and run it. Now there are subsidiary schools run by ex-pupils in some of the outstations. These are not recognized by the Government.

I have to-day been assisting at the clothing of two novices of the African Sisterhood here, the Community of St John the Baptist. They have a lovely chapel in African style with wide patio with pillars outside both ends, relieved by small oratories at the centre. They run a hostel of their own and a knitting school. The sisters have to keep themselves on what they earn by teaching, etc., in the different departments. There are two branch houses, one in our own outstation and the other in that of another Mission.

Fr Shrive, S.S.J.E. (formerly Br Gordon) was ordained as the last official act of the late Bishop on the Feast of the Conversion of St Paul. His half-sister, Sister Euphemia, C.S.M.V., mothers the C.S.J.B. At the moment she has the care of both houses as the late

Superior, who was a qualified doctor, has been recalled to Wantage to be Conventual Superior there.

The enlargement of St Cuthbert's church goes on slowly, especially the chancel and vestries. The latter are nearly complete and the ambulatory behind the apse is gradually rising, but they cannot complete the scheme without another three or four thousand pounds, yet before long they will be able to put the vestries into use.

This week Fr Young is going to take me to Umtata and on to All Saints Mission where the St Denny's Warminster Sisters work. He is their Director, and I am to preach the Three Hours at Umtata Cathedral.

The weather so far is A1. I am to leave Capetown for home on May 4th. Yours in affection and respect,

FREDERICK S. PLAYNE, S.S.J.E.

Whit Monday S.S. Winchester Castle

MY DEAR FATHER,

I think I must have written to you in March from St Cuthbert's. I had a very interesting month there and enjoyed the wide spaces of the Transkei. A land of hills and valleys with the Drakensberg Range visible from the high plateaux.

It was a change getting down to the sea level at Capetown, though one is by no means on level ground except on the Cape Flats. This is a great sandy tract on which many suburbs are gradually being built up with considerable areas of factories. The *African population is rapidly increasing and there is not at all sufficient accomodation for them.

FATHER PLAYNE, S.S.J.E.

* pure Negro.

Many of these are hardly distinguishable from the pure native in physiognomy. So one finds colonies living in rough shacks in the bush as squatters under appalling non-sanitary conditions; even having to buy their water. In some of these the people have put up rough buildings for worship and I was taken to one of these "pondikkie" areas to see the conditions. Wherever we have a group of our Anglican Africans there will be a "preacher" (or we send one) who voluntarily shepherds the people and instructs catechumens, holds services and we occasionally say Mass for them.

On most Sundays we have an early Mass at the boys' hostel at Langa and often at 9:30 a.m. also. So the people who have to walk several miles can get there. Langa is about 8 miles from the centre of Capetown in the Flats, a township of about 12,000 with half a dozen Primary schools and one Secondary; and about 20 churches. It is well laid out and will grow to 50,000 eventually. Trees are planted along the roadsides, but as the soil is all sand they are unlikely to grow large, even when good soil is put in with them. The township is approached by an avenue of pines which of course were there long before the bush was cleared and buildings erected.

Our church is a good size and there must be about 300 to 400 children in the school. We have a resident African priest who has also the charge of a number of outstations, Father Savage however retains the pastoral charge. He says Mass there two days a week. We have also a middle-aged deacon, formerly a catechist who has been trained by the C.R. Fathers at Rosettenville. I admitted him as an associate just before I sailed on May 4th. He has now gone to reside on the Settenbusch location called Kaya Mandi (Sweet Rose) where we have Fr Bull's Memorial Church of St John the Evangelist. It is a country town of perhaps 20,000 and 30 miles from Capetown. The Afrikaans University is there and it is the centre of the wine growing district.

At all our churches Fr Wallis' Mass in F is still sung with great gusto all these years, as well as over all South Africa. The Africans improve on the harmonies but keep fairly well to the melodies.

On April 15 I went to Langa for the Sung Mass. In the afternoon the Archbishop came for the confirming of nearly a hundred candidates most of whom were adults. I had a pleasant interview with him one day later in the week. This year he had the formidable task of appointing bishops to the dioceses which have become

vacant. The electoral assemblies, failing to elect, they have had to delegate it to him. This election was due to the setting up of the new Province of Central Africa. The Bishop of Rhodesia cannot take up Pretoria till September, and since his appointment Bloemfontein and St John's have to be provided for; and Natal and George will shortly become vacant.

I found the Capetown climate quite pleasant and did much motoring with Fr Savage, combining pleasure with business. My longest drive in one day was 177 miles, when we went to Hermanus, a watering place on the south coast. Fr Rumsey had gone there for the week-end to minister to the location where the Whites have provided a school for the Africans. It is not one of our regular out-stations as the Rector looks after it but gets us over about six times a year to help. Fr Rumsey was staying with Dr Moffat, son of the missionary who was Fr Callaway's Capetown consultant at one time, but now retired.

St Columba's Home, founded by Fr Puller, continues to provide lodging for 100-150 men working in Capetown and gives considerable work to Fr Savage. Now we have purchased an adjoining lot where he hopes eventually to build a new and larger chapel.

Besides what is done by catechists and preachers Fr Savage and Fr Rumsey have four or five centres for evening work. The Archbishop has sanctioned evening Mass for those who can never communicate early owing to the nature of their work.

I hope Fr Young will come back here with Fr Savage at the end of July and get into the work with the view to taking over when Fr Savage, who is now 68, can no longer cope with it. Fr Dakers is at home (in England) until October. Fr Williams should have arrived from India a week ago.

This ship reaches Madeira to-day and Southampton on Friday.

All good wishes.

Yours in affection and respect,

FREDERICK S. PLAYNE, S.S.J.E.

VISIT TO THE CHURCH OF SWEDEN

By FATHER FITCH, S.S.J.E.

The visit some months ago of Dr Gunnar Rosendal to this country makes Father Fitch's account of his visit to Osby in Sweden of especial interest to American readers. We are grateful to *Cowley Evangelist* for permission to reprint Father Fitch's article.

BEFORE describing this visit, it is necessary to say something about the Church of Sweden itself. As in England, the Reformation in Sweden was effected by the State rather than by the Church: it was a part of the nationalist movement against the rule of Denmark; and as in England, a large measure of continuity with the past was retained. It seems clear that the Apostolic Succession has been maintained; the Confession of Augsburg supplies the place taken in our Church by the Thirty-nine Articles; and liturgically, the Church of Sweden suffered less at the time of the Reformation than the Church of England; but it has suffered very great losses since, especially during the eighteenth century. Unlike the Church of England, the Church of Sweden is in communion with the Lutheran Churches of Norway, Denmark, Germany and the United States, but the relation cannot be described as "Full Intercommunion", since while Norwegian and Danish bishops are invited to take part in the consecration of Swedish bishops, the invitation is not reciprocated; probably because the Lutheran Churches do not wish to receive the Apostolic Succession, as it were, by the back door.

The Church of Sweden is established, and the State maintains a stronger control over it than in the case in England. The other Christian bodies, Roman Catholics, Methodists and so on, have very few adherents, and anyone not expressly belonging to another body is reckoned as belonging to the Church of Sweden. This means that Freethinkers or even avowed Atheists can vote for the election of the rector of a parish.

As in England a hundred years ago, a Catholic Movement has lately begun in Sweden, known as the Church Renewal Movement. Many adherents of this Movement have stayed at the houses of our Society both in Oxford and in London, and my visit in July and August, 1950, was to three of the centres of this movement in the South of the country.

I crossed from Tilbury to Gothenberg, and then went by train across the country, passing the beautiful Lake Vettern at Jon-Koping, to Stockaryd, a wayside station a little South of Nessjo. Nothing in the fortnight I spent in the country was more delightful than this first sight of the country, the pine forests in the back-

ground, the varied trees, with silver birches especially noticeable, nearer at hand, the frequent sheets of water, the small detached wooden houses, brick-red with black-tarred roofs, or cream with pink tiles: the beautifully laid out villages and country towns. At a place called Hjelmseryd, five kilometers from Stockaryd, the Church Renewal Movement have a kind of Retreat House, in Swedish a "Stiftelsen". The chaplain to this institution, Fr Hector, met me at Stockaryd Station, and brought me by car to Hjelmseryd. There is a church there, which had been replaced as a parish church by one more central and larger: this, with the Rectory which belonged to it, has been acquired by the Movement. There are three buildings besides the church; occupying three sides of a square, a favourite arrangement in Sweden. The central one, raised on a plinth some five feet high, is used for meals and meetings. On one side is the residence of Fr Hector and his family; on the other, the Guest House, beautifully appointed and efficiently managed.

After supper, at which we were joined by some students from the state Youth Hostel near by, I gave a talk, in English, about the Church of England: there were over twenty people there altogether, and the day ended with Compline in Swedish in the little church. It is evidence of the strength of the Catholic Movement in the Church of Sweden, that they are able to run such an institution in the depths of the country. Hjelmseryd is a tiny little hamlet in the middle of the forest: the scenery is lovely, and there is the inevitable lake: but it is three kilometres from a Post Office, and people would not come there if they did not value quiet, peace and solitude.

On the next day, Saturday, I went to Osby, a country town in Skona, the southernmost province of Sweden: this may be regarded as the centre of the Church Renewal Movement. Dr Rosendal, the Rector of Osby, is well known to many of us in England, and has been a frequent visitor to our houses in Oxford and London. He greeted me most warmly on my arrival, and expressed his joy at entertaining at last a member of our Society.

It happened that there had been a Confirmation in Osby on the day I arrived: in the Church of Sweden Confirmation is normally administered by Priests: unhappily it is often neglected, but it is now being vigorously revived. On the Sunday, all the newly confirmed made their First Communion, and formed up in the Rectory courtyard, and entered the church in procession. The boys wore white ties, and the girls white dresses down to the ground, and little white skullcaps. As one of the Confirmees was Dr Rosendal's

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eldest son, the dinner that followed was a family festival, in which it was a great privilege to be able to share. Swedes are more formal in their manners than the twentieth-century Englishman, the women curtsying, for example, when introduced, and the boys making a profound bow of the head like a tremendous nod: so that an uninstructed foreigner may easily make mistakes.

The main object of my visit was to attend Oecumenical Conversations which begin at Osby the next day. As others besides myself had arrived, the party that went out between dinner and vespers that day to see some of the surrounding Churches consisted of one Swede, two Danes, one German, one American, one Scotsman and myself. The churches are universally white-washed inside and outside, and have a bell turret instead of a tower or spire. The altars are small, and generally set forward in an apse, with an elaborate altar piece, carved in relief and somewhat crudely painted. The organ and choir are in the West gallery; the altar rail goes round three sides of the Sanctury, and the Font is inside or just outside it.

All the churches that we saw belonged to the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. Very little mediaeval architecture seems to have survived in Sweden. I was told that a great many churches had been pulled down and replaced by new ones but I suspect that another reason would be that the mediaeval churches will in many cases have been of wood. There are no side altars or side chapels, and the pulpits are often very ornate, like the altar-pieces; but I did not see anywhere the benches facing West, as I have seen in Germany.

In Osby, there is a Lady chapel to the east of the high altar. This is the oldest part of the church, and was used as a vestry till Dr Rosendal restored it. There he has a daily Mass, and there the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. This is in accordance with the Swedish Canons and Rubrics, but Osby is the only place where it is done. Here Mattins and Lauds, Terce and Sext, Vespers and Compline, are said daily, and well attended; and as the sexes sit separately, the antiphonal recitation is especially impressive.

The Oecumenical Conversations were attended by a French Dominican from Lund; an Orthodox priest, a refugee from Esthonia; a Danish pastor, who had attended the Anglo-Catholic Congress in 1948 and had been thrilled by it; and by several Swedish priests, one of whom had been a chaplain to Swedish seamen in England. There were two American Lutheran theological students, one of whom is a business man who has come to Sweden with a view to ordination in the Swedish Church, the other a much

younger man, on a traveling scholarship from the University of Minnesota. There was a German Old Catholic student, and a Scotsman (Christ Church and Cuddesdon) who had hitch-hiked through Holland and Denmark wearing the kilt, and who served my Mass each morning. On one day we had the Orthodox Liturgy in Swedish, in addition to the English and Swedish Masses, and on that evening the Old Catholics sang vespers beautifully in German.

As the Frenchman knew no English and some of the students no French, the Conversations were conducted for the most part in Swedish, and translated into English or vice versa; there were excursions into French and German, now and then. The subject was Man and the Fall, Sin and Grace. I was made chairman, but as I was firmly told that there was no need at all to try to keep the discussions to the point, I did not find that position very onerous. The details of the discussions would not be of much interest to most of our readers. We found ourselves for the most part in agreement, the Lutherans explaining the language of their formularies in such a way as to make them reconcilable with Catholic teaching. But it must be remembered that the delegates were not all representative of the Churches to which they belonged. There are many people in the Church of England who would not regard me as at all a satisfactory envoy; our Swedish friends are regarded with a good deal of mistrust by some of their own people, and as regards the Danes one can only wonder and rejoice that anyone should have been moved to desire Catholic Faith and Life within the Church of Denmark — and not a few are being so moved. This does not mean that the discussions were a waste of time; we were able to learn about each other and to learn from each other, in a way that can never be done from books; and the sharing in one another's worship, a thing to which many people in England have become accustomed through the Fellowship of St Alban and St Sergius, was a tremendous thrill to the students, and a great joy to us all.

On the following Friday, I went to Lund, and spent the rest of my stay in Sweden in the "Stiftelsen" there. This is very different from the one at Hjelmseryd: instead of being in a remote country place, it is in a University city, and instead of being a house for Retreats and Conferences it is a hostel for students of the University. It is only just ready for occupation, and the altar was being placed in the chapel in the basement while I was there, and was to be consecrated by the bishop in the following week. The students have begun to reside this term, but the whole project is not

nearly complete, and the institution will eventually include another wing with a larger chapel.

Here I was welcomed by Dr and Mrs Schomberg, whom I had met in England, and saw the cathedral and some of the University buildings under the escort of various students. The famous library was unfortunately closed for repairs, and most of the museums appear to open in vacation from Tuesday to Friday, so I was a little unlucky in my sightseeing.

Some theological students invited me to accompany them to a café in a public garden, where their New Testament professor, Dr Audeberg, meets them every Saturday morning in the summer vacation, to discuss the Holy Gospel for the following Sunday. This struck me as a singular piece of good fortune: Dr Audeberg has written a Commentary on St John's Gospel in English. Unfortunately he did not turn up, and his students, about a dozen of them, asked me to tell them about the Church of England instead. This I did, while we drank coffee: I concentrated on University life and training for the ministry.

Lund cathedral is a building in a style that we should call Norman. It is surrounded by the grass and flowers that you find everywhere in Sweden, and the University buildings stand on three sides of it. One of the most striking features of the cathedral is the crypt, the original pillars of which were different. One of them represents Samson about to pull down the pillar of the Temple of Dagon; but Skonan legend has found another explanation of it. St Laurence, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, was surveying the site one day, and wondering whether it would ever get finished, and a troll named Finn came up, and undertook to do it, provided that when it was done the saint would either guess his name or give him his eyes. As he had been martyred about a thousand years before, one would have thought that he would not need them, but the legend says that he agreed and when the work was nearing completion he was sleeping on a hill near the city and heard the troll-wife sing her children to sleep inside the hill, with the promise that their father, Finn, would give them a saint's eyes to play with. Next day, the cathedral was done, and the saint said, "Your name is Finn", and the troll was so angry that he began to pull the Cathedral down again but St Laurence promptly turned him to stone and there he is. Finn strikes one as an easier name to guess than Rumpelstiltzkin.

The cathedral contains a fine medieval clock, which tells the month and the day as well as the time. Many people come to watch

it strike 12, and leaflets are given to visitors reminding them that the cathedral is a place of worship. When 12 strikes two mounted knights on the top of the clock smite each other twelve times, and the three Wise Men, with attendants, come out of a door on one side, bring their gifts to the Virgin and Child in the middle, and go out on the other side, while "In dulci jubilo" is played inside the clock in two parts. I reflected how fascinating clockwork must have been when it was first invented. In the crypt, there is a well of very clear water, into which people still throw coins. I would conjecture that the well was there before the cathedral or any wooden church, and that a pagan holy place was taken over.

Behind the high altar is a Lady chapel, with the altar to the west and stalls running round the apse. Here Sext and Compline are said daily by Dr Schomberg, and very well attended. It is proposed to continue to have Sext here and not at the Stiftelsen chapel, as the Hostel will be empty anyhow at midday, and to have Compline in both places.

The normal Sunday service in the Church of Sweden is what we should call the "Antecommunion Service": under the influence of the Church Renewal Movement an increasing number of churches now have the full Mass every Sunday, but they do not go in for "Early Celebrations" in addition to the sung Mass. The Divine Office has been revived, and a Breviary authorised. The movement is thus strongly liturgical, and it is difficult to know how far this is accompanied by a quickened desire for personal sanctification. The Sacrament of Penance never ceased to be used in Sweden, but my impression is that frequent Confession is very little practised as yet: the same applies to Fasting Communion. There are certainly priests and others who are regular in mental prayer.

The Movement has evoked a desire for the Religious Life, and a beginning has been made. It was a great happiness to meet again, in Lund, the two young women, sisters, who were testing their vocation with the Order of the Holy Paraclete in Whitby last year. They are now sharing a flat, not far from the Stiftelsen, and say their offices in a tiny oratory; they are living together and waiting for guidance. There is a prospect of their being officially recognized by the bishop of the Church of Sweden, although the Religious Life is strictly speaking forbidden by Swedish law. The Bishop of Lund, Dr Nygren, whose book, *Eros and Agape* is well known in England, is favourably disposed towards the venture, there are many others in Sweden whose hearts are moved in the

direction, but at this stage of the Catholic Revival the opposition is bound to be very strong. This side of the Movement makes a special claim on the prayers of our readers.

The country round Lund is unlike the rest of Sweden, a plain surrounded by low hills, with no pinewoods or sheets of water, fewer trees altogether, but widespreading cornfields. A glance at a contour map will show that geographically it belongs rather with the Netherlands than with Scandinavia. Skona was Danish politically, until the middle of the seventeenth century, as the narrow seas proved no barrier, whereas the hills and forests north of Osby did. The architecture has Danish features, the most obvious being gables shaped like flights of steps.

The train journey up to Gothenberg soon took me into typical scenery again, finishing up at the sea coast. The boat train at Tilbury looked very grimy and comfortless after the beautiful Swedish trains. The State Railways are electrified throughout, and are very well appointed. In all respects, the prosperity of the country is one of the chief impressions that one gets. They have been neutral in two world wars, and have not as yet allowed their industries to outstrip their agriculture.

No doubt this material prosperity has spiritual dangers: it would be churlish, after having been generously entertained as a guest, to enlarge upon these, and the English visitors to Sweden are well able to appreciate a country where milk is placed on the table in jugs and poured into tumblers; bananas hang in long bunches in the shops and can be bought by anyone whatever his age; and butter is spread in a way that we have long forgotten. I am informed that there is a very strong secularist pressure in public life. It is against the spirit of materialism and secularism that the Church Renewal Movement appeals to the sacramental principle, as the Tractarian Fathers did, in the full tide of Victorian prosperity. It is a movement which makes a strong claim on our interest, our sympathy, and our prayers.

WHAT! NO COMMUNITY CHRONICLE?

BECAUSE of the length of time since the last issue of COWLEY we will make no attempt to cover the news. We are giving you, however, the picture taken of the Fathers and Brothers at the Monastery after the Summer Retreat conducted by Father Manson of the English Congregation.

AFTER THE SUMMER RETREAT

BOOK NOTES

A PRIMER OF CHRISTIANITY, in 3 Volumes and a supplement.
"The Beginning of the Gospel" by T. W. Manson, D.D. 124 pp. $1.50.
"The Furtherance of the Gospel" by R. W. Moore, 164 pp. $1.75.
"The Truth of the Gospel" by G. B. Caird, DD., 182 pp. $1.75.
"The Gospel and Modern Thought" by Canon Alan Richardson, DD. 216 pp. $2.00. Oxford University Press. (Vols 1, 2 and 3 available also as one comprehensive volume, $3.75.)

ALL Christians are indebted to the Oxford Press for this series of little books. They aim to present the ABC's of Christianity in an intelligent, systematic and attractive manner to lay persons who want a comprehensive picture of its meaning and relevance to life. On the whole, the series is remarkably successful in acomplishing its purpose.

"The Beginning of the Gospel" is intended for those who want to discover something of the dynamic impact which Christ originally made, through a fresh presentation of its earliest proclamation in the New Testament. To this end the author, Dr Manson, well-known biblical scholar at the University of Manchester, has given us a new translation of St Mark's Gospel, suitably paragraphed and subtitled, with incisive comments that are as readable as they are scholarly. He has prefaced this with a masterly introduction on what kind of Christ the Jews expected and what kind they actually got. A short epilogue relates the Marcan record to the more expanded accounts in Luke and John, and to pertinent passages in "Acts" and the Epistles.

Dr Manson not only illuminated the historical origin of the Gospel in a wonderful way: he has given us a picture of the living Christ which is fresh and compelling, by making the gospel record fully contemporary.

In "The Furtherance of the Gospel" the Headmaster of Harrow School writes for those who need to link the story of Jesus to our modern world. He relates the life of the Church to the pattern of history as a whole, and describes the "strength and richness of the Christian thread which runs through the tapestry of world history". The author succeeds for the most part in making the main events and personalities of the Christian story come alive, and he certainly tries to be fair in his estimate of widely differing movements which have been launched under avowedly Christian inspiration, especially in more recent centuries. At the same time, many might well take issue with some of his emphases, or feel that he is

unduly optimistic about the apparent onward march of the Church and the ecumenical movement of today. A closing chapter on the challenge to the contemporary Church of secular totalitarianism and materialism might have been preferable to the one entitled "The Christ of History". This would also have made the book more realistic and less academic.

"The Truth of the Gospel" by Dr Caird of McGill University is for those who have not given enough serious attention to the challenge of Christianity, and it presents an intelligent case for the Christian view of life. This issue arises more or less naturally only after people have heard the Gospel (Vol. 1) and have seen something of its connection with the roots and structure of our civilization (Vol. 2). The author makes a clear and convincing case for the claim of the Christian Faith to provide not only a coherent interpretation of life which covers the facts of experience but also a way of life which satisfies the deepest needs of human personality. The plan of the book is excellent and rather novel. In style the author here and there reminds one of C. S. Lewis, but this is in no way to detract from the freshness and clarity of his own thought. A good introduction leads to a section called "Clearing the Ground", in which the author discusses obstacles of theory (religion in relation to science, psychology and Marxism) and obstacles of fact (presented in two sections under the arresting titles "The Blood-stained Track" and "Christian Arrogance"). Then he proceeds to a positive presentation of the Faith under such headings as The Living God, the Problem of Evil, Jesus Christ, the Trinity, Man and His Destiny. "The Christian Life" deals with the Incarnation under the heading of the New Man, and with the Church under the title of the New Community. On the whole, the historic faith is set forth in a moving way, and the volume is a welcome addition to an already considerable body of brief but able works of theology for the laity. Catholics, however, will object to Dr Caird's statement that since the Incarnation is the important thing, the Virgin Birth really doesn't matter. In a book of this sort the author might better have shown the reasons behind the Church's traditional teaching, than to have stressed his own personal opinion or to have given the impression that the somewhat confusing biblical evidence is alone conclusive.

An admirable supplement entitled "The Gospel and Modern Thought" by Canon Richardson of Durham rounds out the series. This latest work by one of our finest Anglican scholars is primarily for thinking persons who realize the importance of scientific fact

but who need assurance that Christian faith and theology can maintain their integrity and truth by the best standards of scholarship. This little book fully meets that need.

It is almost inevitable that one should contrast this "Primer" with the teaching series being issued by our own National Council, "The Holy Scripture", "Chapters in Church History" etc. Each volume of the English series, of course, is written by a single author and therefore has a stamp of greater individuality upon it than its American counterpart. On the other hand, the American books represent a more balanced, corporate view and are therefore more properly called "official". Both have the defects of their qualities. But certainly we can say that the Anglican Communion now possesses two groups of fairly reliable as well as readable books for the interested layman on the fundamentals of our Christian heritage, at a time when simple but sound education in the Faith is the need of the hour.

— JOHN R. RAMSEY

POEMS BY FATHER ANDREW Edited with an introduction by Hugh Collet. Morehouse-Gorham Company, New York, 1951. Pages xvi, 150. Cloth, price, $1.50.

THESE poems are a most welcome addition to the other devotional works by this esteemed spiritual writer now being made available in new and attractive form. It would be presumptious to make any criticism of the poems themselves. Time, which in the final analysis is the true critic, has certainly given them the stamp of approval thus far, there very appearance now being proof of it.

TRIUMPHANT IN SUFFERING, by W. F. Adams, S.S.J.E. and Gilbert Shaw. Morehouse-Gorham Company, New York, 1951. Pages 61. Paper.

WE have here a very sane and clear treatment of the subject of reparation. This booklet (small in size only) is divided into three chapters: "The Nature of Reparation", "A Record of Reparation", and "The Practice of Reparation". There is also an appendix concerning St Catherine of Sienna's treatment of the subject as well as some helpful notes and a biblography.

The reviewer wishes that the sources of the quotations from Charles Williams might have been given and a little more attention paid to this greatest exponent of the "doctrine of exchange".

Although priests will find *Triumphant in Suffering* helpful in directing others, there is nothing in its contents which would be unsafe for any healthy-minded person to read. May it rouse many to seek whether God is calling them to such a life.

We may well say of this book what the authors said of the picture which forms the frontispiece: "It comes certainly as a challenge to a society in which the need is great to revive an understanding of one of the first principles of our religion — that there is no redemption save through sacrifice".

A DEDICATION; SO YOU ARE AN EPISCOPALIAN; ACU PARISH DIRECTORY. The American Church Union, New York, 1951. The first two are free to Service Men and their Chaplains. To others, 5 cents a copy or $2.00 for fifty. Order from Armed Forces Committee of the American Church Union, Room 1303, 34 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. The third is available at 5 cents per copy from the ACU at the same address.

THE American Church Union is to be commended for these publications. The first two are specifically for those in our Armed Forces. We trust every chaplain will distribute them freely and that every Churchman will use the first constantly and read, mark and inwardly digest the second.

"A Dedication" is a little cardboard folder containing brief daily devotions for morning and evenings and for Sunday, including a suggested form for Spiritual Communion. "So You Are An Episcopalian", a seven-page folder, is a challenge to and a help for our men in the Service. They are told first what they *should* do. The last part concerns administration of Holy Communion in time of sickness and the practice of auricular confession.

The "ACU Parish Directory" is a fairly complete list by States or Provinces of Catholic parishes in U.S.A. and Canada, including "such listings as have been sent in by parish priests". Times for Masses and confessions are given.

BEYOND EAST AND WEST, by John C. H. Wu, Sheed and Ward, New York, 1951. Pages 364. Cloth, price $3.50.

AMONG the autobiographies of converts which are all too often set in a pattern of similarity like "before and after" pictures, Dr Wu's book is most outstanding.

A distinguished lawyer and scholar, friend of the late Chief Justice Holmes, he writes with charm and brilliance and with that refreshing simplicity and childlike humility of all truly great souls.

—R. M. G.

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